



**THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.**

**WITH A
LIFE, AND GLOSSARY.**



IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

**KING HENRY VIII. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
TIMON OF ATHENS. CORIOLANUS.**

**LEIPSIC:
BROTHERS SCHUMANN.**

STANDARD WORKS

BY

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

NEW YORK

1914

Published by the University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Ill.

THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

KING HENRY VIII.

By

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

LEIPSIC:

BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emp. Charles V.*

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.*

Three other Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*

Garter, *King at Arms.*

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.

Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *chiefly in London and Westminster: once, at Kimbolton.*

K I N G H E N R Y V I I I.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend),
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door: at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met! How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single: but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. These two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,

Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that

What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power: You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him), certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL, in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
 Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Bucking-
 ham

Shall lessen his big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
 Matter against me: and his eye revil'd
 Me, as his abject object: at this instant
 He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king:
 I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
 Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
 A full hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you: be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: — but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall, I name not, but
From sincere motions), by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel. I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend! This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally),
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'the rinsing.

Nor.

'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning car-
dinal

The articles o'the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, 'Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count car-
dinal

Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam treason), — Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd; — but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd; —
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
 (As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and
 two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
 You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
 heaven
 Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
 O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company: — The
king [To ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach Lord Montacute, and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot; no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'ergreat cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the
Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers,
and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the
Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council
take their several places. The Cardinal places him-
self under the King's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the
Queen, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFF-
OLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state,
takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor,

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike: which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
'The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay: and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing. — let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear, our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission; Pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol.

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
 mons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct grave teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount

The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal

*He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain, to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued, — Neither the king, nor his
heirs*

*(Tell you the duke), shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o'the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on: —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: — Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer, —

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time: — Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his. — But on! What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

O. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After — *the duke his father*, — with *the knife*, —
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, — Were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law. 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
Juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin. or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom, How
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov.

'Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham.

What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there: now I would pray our
monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
'They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their dis-
eases

Are grown so catching.

Cham.

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov.

Ay, marry,

There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're
going

(For, sure, there's no converting of them): now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham.

Well said, Lord Sands:

Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands.

No, my lord;

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham.

Sir Thomas,

Whither were you a going?

Lov.

To the cardinal's;

Your lordship is a guest too.

King Henry VIII.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
 To many lords and ladies; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
 deed.

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
 His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
 He had a black mouth, that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in
 him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
 Men of his way should be most liberal,
 They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so:
 But few now give so great ones. My harge stays;
 Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,
 We shall be late else: which I would not be,
 For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
 This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardi-
 nal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door
 ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gen-
 tlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR
 HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
 Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
 To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
 One care abroad: he would have all as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
 Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THO-
 MAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
 Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal

But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir

Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet
ladies:

*[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and
another Lady.]*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.]

Cham. Well said, my lord. —
So, now you are fairly seated: — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended; and
takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble
lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health.

[Drinks.]

Sands. Your grace is noble; —
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry; — Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have
them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play. —
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpets within: Chambers discharged.]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.]

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? — Nay ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed:

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them: — Some attend him. —

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and
Tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all!

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Mas-
kers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-
bearers: ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They

pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace; — That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses ANNE BULLEN.]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. *[Musick. Dance.]*

Wol. My lord, —

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Chamberlain goes to the company, and returns.]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. —

[Comes from his state.]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; — Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

[Unmasking.]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweet-
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I'the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry; —
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeling.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?

2 Gent. O, — God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?

1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?

1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gent. I am sorry for't.

1 Gent. So are a number more.

2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gent. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, — he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gent. Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gent. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gent.

That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1 Gent.

At his return,

No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally: whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment.
And far enough from court too.

2 Gent.

All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Bucking-
ham,

The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 Gent.

Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves
before him, the axe with the edge towards him;
halberds on each side: with him, SIR THOMAS LO-
VELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS,
and common People.*

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck.

All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christ-
ians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.— Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.— Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes

A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell!

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell. — I have done; and God forgive me!
 [Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train]

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
 Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir.

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it.
 I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident:
 You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not:
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger,
 He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
 Is found a truth now; for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple

That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: But is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Chamb. My lord, — The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, rid-
den, and furnished. They were young, and handsome:
and of the best breed in the north. When they were
ready to set out for London, a man of my lord car-
dinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from
me; with this reason, — His master would be served
before a subject, if not before the king: which stop-
ped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal;
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great ne-
phew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end, —
The French king's sister: Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him: —

you My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wol-
sey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[To CAMPEIUS.]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [To WOLSEY.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his
place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suff. I another.

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Aside.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
 Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
 welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
 for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
 loves,
 You are so noble: To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 (The court of Rome commanding), — you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two^e equal men. The queen shall be ac-
 quainted
 Forthwith, for what you come:— Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
 favour
 To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to
 you;
 You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither; — Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; — O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitler, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L.

Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her.

Anne.

O, God's will! much better,

She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging

As soul and body's severing.

Old L.

Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

Anne.

So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,

And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L.

Our content

Is our best having.

Anne.

By my troth, and maidenhead,

I would not be a queen.

Old L.

Beshrew me, I would,

And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity

Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne.

Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth, — You would not be
a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

Anne.

No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
little;

I would not be a young count in your way,

For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to
know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you. — I have perus'd her well.

[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: — Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess; — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne.

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers,
with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in
the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of

Canterbury, alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so; — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, etc.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, etc.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol.

You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you desire the court; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam.

His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, —
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble
 mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the
 court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
 your way:

When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience! — pray you, pass on:
 I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, GRIF. and her other Attendants.]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, —
 Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
 The queen of earthly queens: — She is noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me,

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied), whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution, First, methought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd, — First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,

Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on! [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palace at Bridewell.*

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number), if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina se-
renissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
picious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
 You have too much, good lady: but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him (which was too far), —
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
 But how to make you suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
 fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest),
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loyng, and most gracious; 'twill be much

Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought
ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues:
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye;
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing; Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends), — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vainglory),
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords,

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol.

'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living. —

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her Women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me: — Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul, as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your vir-
 tues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
 you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
 forgive me,
 If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
 the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them: If you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,
 Out of himself?

Cham. My lord, you speak your pleasures:
 What he deserves of you and me, I know;
 What we can do to him (though now the time
 Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
 His spell in that is out: the king hath found
 Matter against him, that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
 Not to come off in his displeasure.

Sur.

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suff. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suff. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suff. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suff. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suff. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suff. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suff. No, no;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suff. He is return'd. in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suff. He has: and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suff. 'Tis so.

The cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. *[Exit CROMWELL.]*

It shall be to the duchess of Alencon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen! No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage. — Bullen!

o, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
o hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suff. May be, he hears the king
oes whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
ord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,

o be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —

his candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

hen, out it goes. — What though I know her vir-
tuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Suff. I would 'twere something that would fret the
string,

The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and Lovell.

Suff. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! — Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and, wot you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?

King Henry VIII.

Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventor
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home
But par'd my present hayings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you have found true:

And, if you may confess it, say, withal.

If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,

Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could

My studied purposes requite; which went

Beyond all man's endeavours; — my endeavours

Have ever come too short of my desires,

Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends

Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed

To the good of your most sacred person, and

The profit of the state. For your great graces

Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I

Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;

My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,

Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,

Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen.

Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated: The honour of it

Does pay the act of it: as, i'the contrary,

The foulness is the punishment. I presume,

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

On you, than any; so your hand and heart,

Your brain, and every function of your power,

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more

To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.

I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd

More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did

Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break,

And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen.

'Tis nobly spoken:

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
 (I mean your malice), know, officious lords,
 dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the king
 (Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur.

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st
feel

My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.— My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life; — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir:
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suff. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suff. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suff. Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *praemunire*, —
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal!

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
 use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, —
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent.

And so are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
 behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward)

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those
customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! —
[Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*

3. *Choristers singing.*

[Musick.

4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me. — These I know; —

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.*

Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.*

'Tis the same; high steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.*

Yes.

2 *Gent.*

Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the Queen.

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.*

They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i'the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again,
 To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
 Must no more call it York Place, that is past:
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd — Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
 But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Win-
 chester
 (Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
 The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
 The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
 However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
 Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
 A worthy friend. — The king
 Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
 And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
 Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
 Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
 Something I can command. As I walk thither,
 I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath.

O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair; —
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leices-
ter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, — *O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity, — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet, in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely; Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.— Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her;— Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,

Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,

And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

King Henry VIII.

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel!

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well); and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents;— And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness;
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.— Mine eyes grow dim.— Farewell,
My lord!— Griffith, farewell!— Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.— When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights: times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious,
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two,
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary: further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you), I think, I have
Incensed the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs,
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your ser-
vant. *[Exeunt GARDINER and Page.]*

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the DUKE
OF SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suff. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suff. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha! — I have said. — Be gone!

What! — [Exeunt *LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful: — Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To wait your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness:
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.— Look. the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.— Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.— [*Exit CRANMER.*]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.— Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir!

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
 I will have more, or else unsay't: and now
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Doorkeeper, etc. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
 That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast? what means this? —
 Hoa!

Who waits there? — Sure you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
 I came this way so happily. The king
 Shall understand it presently. *[Exit BUTTS.]*

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
 The king's physician; As he past along,
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
 Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
 This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me
 (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice),
 To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
 Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
 Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
 Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a Window above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight, —

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
 Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
 Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
 Is this the honour they do one another?
 'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought
 They had parted so much honesty among them
 (At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
 Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
 We shall hear more anon.— [Exeunt.]

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
 EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and
 CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the
 upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being
 left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CAN-
 TERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each
 side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
 Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
 And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
 To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
 In our own natures frail, and capable
 Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-
 lains

(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face
And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' plea-
sure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful: I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition;
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
 There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
 Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome!
 Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour: and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commenda-
tions,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me!
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,

Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let me see
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for shame, my lords. — My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of
Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. *Enter Porter and his Man.*

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; Do
you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves,
leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but
switches to them. — I'll scratch your heads: You
must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and
cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with caunons),
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any,
that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or
she, cuckold, or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to

see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work. The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fel-
lows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or, I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick
you o'er the pales else. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his Marshal staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, etc. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high
and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. *[Kneeling.]* And to your royal grace, and the
good queen,
King Henry VIII.

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
 May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
 What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. —
 [*The King kisses the Child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
 Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
 When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
 For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
 This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness),
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless
 her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
 with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself:
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness),

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him; — Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —
 I thank ye all, — To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
 I have received much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords; —
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
 All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — *that's willy!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them; If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

By

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

LEIPSIC:

BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} *his Sons.*

AENEAS,
ANTENOR,

] *Trojan Commanders.*

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,

} *Grecian Commanders.*

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orguious, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that were
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: — And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument, —
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that
will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the
grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolt-
ing.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the lea-
vening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the
word — hereafter, the kneading, the making of the
cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay,
you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to
burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! — when she comes! — When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever
I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, — When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector, or my father should perceive me,

I have, (as when the sun doth light a storm),
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's (well, go to), there were no more compari-
son between the women, — But, for my part, she is
my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise
her, — But I would somebody had heard her talk yester-
day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cas-
sandra's wit; but —

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse; — O, that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This, thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
'Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be
not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought
on of her, and ill-thought on of you; gone between
and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus! what, with
me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not
so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she
would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday.
But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-
moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks;

and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus — O Gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter AENEAS.

Aene. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

Aene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Aeneas?

Aene. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Aene. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were may. —
But, to the sport abroad; — Are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.**Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.**Cres.* Who were those went by?*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.*Cres.* And whither go they?*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?*Alex.* The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks*A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.**Cres.* Good; And what of him?*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.*Cres.* So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions; he is as valiant as the
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant, a
man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that
his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with
discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath
not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he car-
ries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause,
and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of
every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he
is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or
purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?*Alex.* They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the
battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.*Enter PANDARUS.**Cres.* Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were, —

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. — 'Would 'a were himself! Well, the Gods are above; Time must friend or end: Well, Troilus, well, — I would, my heart were in her body! — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities; —

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess), — Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd window, — and, you know, he has not pass'd three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him; — she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! — How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then: — But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; — Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas poor chin, many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing: — Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; — Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white*: *That white hair is my father*, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out*, and *give it him*. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. *[A Retreat sounded.]*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

AENEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Aeneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person: — When comes Troilus? — I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector; — There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! — Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good — Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good; — Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? — Why, this is brave now. — Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now! — you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus, — I marvel where Troilus is; — That's Helenus; — I think he went not forth to-day: — That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no: — yes, he'll fight indifferent well: — I marvel, where Troilus is! — Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? — Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! — Hem! — Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; Note him; — O brave Troilus! — look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes! — O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? — Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? — Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is?

Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, — for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: *[Exit Boy.]*
I doubt he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle, —

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token — you are a hawd. —

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing:
'Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this, —
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav'st surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow hauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk;
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth divide,
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
 Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing of
 courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,— hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation,
 The which,— most mighty for thy place and sway,—
 [To AGAMEMNON.

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
 [To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches, — which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue, — yet let it please both, —
 Thou great and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
 expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being visarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides),
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Example'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation;
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host, —
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries — *Excellent!* — 'tis Agamemnon just. —
Now play me Nestor; — hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
 And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet: — and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! enough, Patroclus; —*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him:
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt:
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts, —
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sound]

Agam.

What trumpet? look, Menelaus

Enter AENEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam.

What would you 'fore our ten

Aene.

Is th

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam.

Even this.

Aene. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam.

How?

Aene. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord:—

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?

Aene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aene,

Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector (Priam is his father),
Who in this dull and long continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fairest of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge,
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Aeneas:
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers:
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: He is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me, —
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heaven forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:

And in the publication make no strain,

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren

As banks of Libya, — though Apollo knows,

'Tis dry enough, — will with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,

If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute

With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd

In this wild action: for the success,

Although particular, shall give a scanlling

Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech; —
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices; If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice:
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites, —

Ther. And those boils did run? — Say so. — did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog, —

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak! I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation. —

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation, —

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows: an assinico may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This, lord Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax —

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you: for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. *[Exit.]*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell! Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery: otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: — I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else —

*As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off: —* Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out — *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithes soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? Will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm;
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustlihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectionally itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;

The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service! he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd — *Go, go*),
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd — *Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Iliou stand;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad: her brainsick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, — but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, —
As it is known she is, — these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
I doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy

blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says — thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. — Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles; — Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody: — Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such

knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon! Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him.

[Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart; you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause. — A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say — he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam.

Hear you, Patroclus; —

Trailus and Cressida,

We are too well acquainted with these answers;
 But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
 Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
 Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
 Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, —
 Not virtuously on his own part beheld, —
 Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
 Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
 Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
 We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
 If you do say — We think him over-proud,
 And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
 Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than him-
 self

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And underwrite in an observing kind
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 That, if he overhold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report —
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant: — Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter.

[Exit ULYSSES]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say —
 he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as va-
 liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and
 altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How does
 pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your vir-
 tues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself

pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself: What should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it

Cry — *No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. —

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

'Tis said he holds you well: and will be led,

At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles; Shall the proud lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, — save such as do revolve

And ruminat himself, — shall he be worship'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder — *Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quar-
rel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow! —

Nest. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be the
patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind, —

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: —

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man — But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest.

What a vice

Were it in Ajax now —

Ulyss.

If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss.

Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor, —

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax.

Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord, — come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw

deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you; pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Musick within.]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles: — What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heartblood of beauty, love's invisible soul, —

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris.

from the prince Troilus; I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.— Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance: — Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. — But (marry) thus, my lord, — My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:— commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. — And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen, — my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say — Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? — Come, give me an instrument. — Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh! Oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still;

Oh! oh! awhile, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? — Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; — you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
 To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
 With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
 Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
 Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
 Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
 Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
 Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. — How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. *[Exit Servant.]*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, sha'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a
sprite; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she
fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.
[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous puls
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's
a baby. — Here she is now: swear the oaths now to

her, that you have sworn to me. — What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills. — Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter: the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's — *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably* — Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord? — The gods grant! — O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims: they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady — that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection

of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: —

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — Pardon me; —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: — in faith, I lie,
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me!
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd; — O heavens! what have I done? —
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration, —
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre, —
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentick author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said — as
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it: I'll be
 the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here, my
 cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
 since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
 let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's
 end after my name, call them all — Pandars; let all
 constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,
 and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a cham-
 ber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak
 of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
 And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX,
MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes: sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make
demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore),
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent: —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[Exit MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[Exit AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to
bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
 Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
 That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading. —
 How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, That man — how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in, —
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself,
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves —
 That no man is the lord of any thing
 (Though in and of him there be much consisting),
 Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, re-
verberates

The voice again: or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
An act that very chance doth throw upon him, —
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they passed by me,
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are de-
vour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path.
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; —

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,

And still it might; and yet it may again,

If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,

And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil.

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil.

Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,

Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;

Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation

Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, —
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go, call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES,

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say — there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent! —

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd: And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, AENEAS, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the prince there in person? —

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas; take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told — how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Aene.

Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise: — Jove, let Aeneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and, that to-morrow!

Aene. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, —

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio.

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece:
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine undress
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro.

Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres.

Good morrow the

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres.

Are you aweary of me

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry; —
You men will never tarry. —
O foolish Cressid! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-
ing:

I shall have such a life, —

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia —
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did I not tell you? — 'would he were knock'd
o'the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. —

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing. [*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock! — pray you, come in.

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the
matter? will you beat down the door? How now?
What's the matter?

Enter AENEAS.

Aene. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Aeneas? By my troth I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Aene. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Aene. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:— For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Aene. Who!— nay, then:— Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Aene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you. My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Aene. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them; and, my Lord Aeneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my lord: the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! — what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death: — O poor gentleman! — A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! — I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in, and weep; —

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon: — Good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,

And haste her to the purpose.

Tro.

Walk in to her house;

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:

And to his hand when I deliver her,

Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus

A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;

And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah sweet ducks

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
embrace too: O heart, — as the goodly saying is —

—— O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such
verse; we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods — as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities — take thee from me

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres.

What, and from Troilus too

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres.

Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aene. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
 flowing,
 And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
 Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
 nant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not,
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Aene. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Aeneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 While others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
 Is — plain, and true, — there's all the reach of it.

*Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
 DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
 Which for Antenor we deliver you:
 At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus;
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say — be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, — no.

Tro. Come, to the port. — I tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. —
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with
him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATRO-
CLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias-cheek
Outswell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. *[Trumpet sounds.]*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio.

Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel; I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady;
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men.

O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres.

I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you.

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojan's trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, and other
Trojans, with Attendants.

Aene. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be
done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other: or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Aene. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing

The knight oppos'd.

Troilus and Cressida.

Aene. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Aene. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this; —

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? — O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed; — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the list]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love;
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Aeneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro.

Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect.

Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Vere thy commixtion Greek, and Trojan so,

What thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

ounds—in my father's; By Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud; But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

Hect.

We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell!

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success

As seld I have the chance), I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles

Both long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name:
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time: —
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time —

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
On towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you;
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Lost gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! —
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. —
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent:
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him. —
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night:
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
dol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these
ricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy
alk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba:

A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt *ACHIL.* and *PATR.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would

not care: but to be Menelaus, — I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. — Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with Lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, and tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside* to TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* Dio.; ULYSS. and TROI. following.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHIL. HECT. AJAX, and NEST.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell

it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think, — Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! — Hark! a word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn. —

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be — secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed, ——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! — why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: — stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

[Exit.]

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith!

Ulyss.

My lord, —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He loved me — O false wench! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres.

No matter, now I hav't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens; — Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres.

What, this?

Dio.

Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods! — O pretty pretty pledge,
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. — Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith, you
shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres.

'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you
will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio.

Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past, — And yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell!

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: — One cannot speak a word, But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come: — O Jove! —

Do come: — I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. —

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks — apt, without a theme,
For depravation, — to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek; — As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid; false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS.

Aene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince: — My courteous lord,
adieu:

Farewell, revolted fair! — and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS, and ULYSSES.]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intel-
ligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more
for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Leche-
ry, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else
holds fashion: A burning devil take them! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tem-
per'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the
day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent;
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life. —

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
'Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is afield;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!

Troilus and Cressida.

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry — Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! — Away!

Cas. Farewell! — Yet, soft: — Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *[Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell! the gods with safety stand about
thee!

[Exeunt severally PRI. and HECT. Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally
phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this
girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall
leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in
mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that,
unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to
think on't. — What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from
the heart; *[Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. —

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another;
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,
Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young

knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O'the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals, — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, — is not proved worth a blackberry: — They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — now for thy whore, Trojan! — now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: — I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee: — live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another; I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit Servant*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner:

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corse of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediús: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to
him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,

With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! *[Exit.]*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my
office

Ere that correction: — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! — turn thy false face, thou
traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you
both. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee; Ha! — Have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well! —
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken, too,
Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter One in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark: —
No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it: — Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. — Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye!
It is decreed — Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my
double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull
has the game: — 'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

*[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.]*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR falls.]

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. —
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed. —

[Sheathes his sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X. *The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[*Within.*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is — Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along: — Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter AENEAS and Trojans.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All.

Hector? — The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. —

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on!

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so;

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there — Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet; — You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you! — And thou, great-siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. —

Strike a free march to Troy! — with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* AENEAS and Trojans.]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! — O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? — Let me see: —

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:

And being once subdued in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this, —

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*]

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

Lucius, Lords, and Ministers of Timon.

By

FLAVIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, a famous philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon's creditors.

Two servants of Lucius, and the servant of Alcibiades.

Two of Timon's creditors.

Two of Timon's creditors.

Two of Timon's creditors.

Two of Timon's creditors.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

Scene — Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

LEIPSIC:

BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIVS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore,
two of Timon's Creditors.*

CUPID and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA,] *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves,
and Attendants.*

SCENE — Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others,
at several Doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[Looking at the Jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi-
cation

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
 From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint
 Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
 Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
 Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. — And when comes your book
 forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
 Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
 Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
 This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
 Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
 One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
 Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
 It tutors nature: artificial strife
 Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: — Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
 visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
 Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
 With amplest entertainment: My free drift
 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
 You see how all conditions, how all minds
 (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality), tender down
 Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows, but of late
(Some better than his value), on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended: the Servant
of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransome;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me;—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.— Fare you well!

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To *LUCILIUS*.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st
them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do; I call thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she,
if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it; Take it for thy
labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. — Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. 'Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. —

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me: — Go not you hence, Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done, Show me this piece. — I am joyful of your sights. —

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! *[They salute.]*

Apem. So, so; there! —

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. 'Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well!

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make
thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee
hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.
[*Exit.*

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall
we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
'Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.]*

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem.

No,

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl: you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame: —
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:
'pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should

Ne'er flatter thee. — O you gods; what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him; it has been prov'd.
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper, with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; — and to all That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Musick, make their welcome. *[Exit CUPID.]*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves,

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius, —

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; *[Aside.]*

Else I should tell him, — Well, — i' faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O, my friends,

I have one word to say to you: Look, my good lord,

I must entreat you honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,

Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts, —

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. *[Aside.]*

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd. — How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer. Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word; he is so kind, that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forc'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed, Than such as do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:— Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give; Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich, It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living Is 'mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound, —

Tim.

And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endeared, —

Tim. All to you. — Lights, more lights.

1 *Lord.*

The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, etc.

Apem.

What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for, if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then
thou would'st sin the faster. Thou givest so long,
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in
paper shortly: What need these feasts, pomps, and
vainglories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell; and
come with better musick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; — thou'lt not hear me now, — thou shalt
not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. — Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

Timon of Athens.

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
 And able horses: No porter at his gate;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit; I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, etc.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks,

And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath,—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you;

[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner:
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. *[Exit TIMON.]*

Flav. I pray, draw near. *[Exit FLAVIUS.]*

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-
mantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself, — Come away.

[To the Fool.]

Isid. Serv. *[To Var. Serv.]* There's the fool hangs
on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him
yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. — Poor rogues,
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not
know yourselves. — Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your
mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such
chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at
Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I, as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become *Ape-*
mantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother,
and woman: sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you
anon. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close; I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone:
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy:
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further;
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends; You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho! — Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord. —

Tim. I will despatch you severally. — You, to Lord
Lucius, —

To Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day; — You to Sempronius;

Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lord Lucullus? humph!

[*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir [*To another Serv.*], to the senators
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o'the instant,
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way),
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honour-
able, —

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —
but

Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis
pity —

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! —
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
'Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —
Go to Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*] — 'Pr'ythee, [*To FLA-*
vius], be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee; — [*To Serv.*] Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents; Greet him from me;

Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: — that had, — [To FLAV.]
give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in Lucullus's House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. — Fill me some wine. — [Exit Servant.] — And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir,

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend

less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. — Get you gone, sirrah. — [*To the Servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well!

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee.

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee! [*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Let mollen coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.**Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. — My honoured lord, —

[*To LUCIUS.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well! — Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! — Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say: — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius. —
[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.*

For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove
 all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these three
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
 They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
 And does he send to me? Three? humph! —
 It shows but little love or judgment in him.
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physi-
 cians,
 Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon
 me? —

He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense
 for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er received gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
 An argument of laughter to the rest,
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage to do him good. But now re-
 turn,

And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
politick; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think,
but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him
clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul!
takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that,
under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on
fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which you wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are
too diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir, —

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav.

If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship
mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
that has no house to put his head in? such may rail
against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some
answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from it: for,
take it on my soul, my lord leans wondrously to
discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him;
he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not
sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser.

Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help! — my lord! my
lord! —

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my pas-
sage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, 'Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord, —

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. —

What yours? — and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord, —

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord, —

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may well be
called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves:

Creditors! — devils.

Flav. My dear lord, —

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord, —

Tim. I'll have it so: — My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav.

O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim.

Be't not in thy care; go,

I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

Timon of Athens.

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood, Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside, Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice (An honour in him, which buys out his fault); But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born: He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord, —

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain. —

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th'ass more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedaemon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter, h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you
may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts; — All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Musick. Tables set out; Servants attending. *Enter*
divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

2 Lord. He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:— And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.— Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. —
Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season,
can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished; Hear you of it?

1 et 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast
toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will — and so —

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in
all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let
the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place:
Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves
praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be
despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need
not lend to another: for, were your godheads to bor-
row of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the
meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let
no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains:
If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of
them be—as they are—The rest of your lees, O gods,
—the senators of Athens, together with the common
lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make
suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,
—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them,
and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm
Water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first — thou too, — and thou; —

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but hu-
mour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day,
and now he has beat it out of my hat: — Did you see
my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord.

I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general ills
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes; bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all!)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen.

[Exit,

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.***1 Serv.** Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you? Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, I am as poor as you.**1 Serv.** Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!**2 Serv.** As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.— More of our fellows.*Enter other Servants.**Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.**3 Serv.** Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.*Flav.* Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth, I'll share amongst you
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let's each take some;
[Giving them money.]Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord, — bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched; — thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed bleeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb, —
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, — touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature:
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides.
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind! — Earth, yield me roots!
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, va-
liant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature. — [*March afar off.*] — Ha! a
drum? — Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike
manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man!

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use
thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. —

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone,

Alcib. Why, fare thee well!
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd?

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,— here's gold,— go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword: for those milkpaps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the
babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee!

Phry. et Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:
Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,
 No matter: — wear them, betray with them: Whore
 still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
 A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. et Timan. Well, more gold; — What then? —
 Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoarse the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruf-
 fians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. — There's more gold: —
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

Phry. et Timan. More counsel with more money,
 bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
 you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell,
 Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
 And take thy beagles with thee,

Alcib.
Strike.

We but offend him.—

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!— Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle.
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!— O, a root,— Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slavelike habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe.
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd: but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou would'st have plunged thyself
 In general riot: melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows; — I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, — thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject: who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone! —
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem.

I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim.

I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. —
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*

Apem.

Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
 thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd:
 If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee, thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim.

The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?

Timon of Athens.

- Tim.* Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
- Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather
where I eat it.
- Tim.* 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!
- Apem.* Where would'st thou send it?
- Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.
- Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest
but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it.
- Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.
- Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?
- Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.
- Apem.* An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou
should'st have loved thyself better now. What mean'st
didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after
his means?
- Tim.* Who, without those means thou talk'st of
didst thou ever know beloved?
- Apem.* Myself.
- Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means
keep a dog.
- Apem.* What things in the world canst thou neare
compare to thy flatterers?
- Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world
Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
- Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.
- Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confu
sion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?
- Apem.* Ay, Timon.
- Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thou
to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would
eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect
thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the
ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment
thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the
wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would
afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for
thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath
would confound thee, and make thine own self t

conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The common-wealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, —

I'll beat thee, — but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. *[Throws a stone at him.]*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at other's lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem.

'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim.

Throng'd to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem.

Live, and love thy misery

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit APEMANTUS]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remain-
der: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of
his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he cove-
tously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do
want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of men.

Why should you want? Behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief*. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,

That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n

From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away;

Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,

Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

[*TIMON retires to his Cave.*]

3 *Thief*. He has almost charmed me from my pro-
fession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is
no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
 Full of decay and failing? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour has
 Desperate want made!
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him: and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life. — My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot
 thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
 About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
 To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? — Come nearer; — then
 I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinny mankind; whose eyes do never give,
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping;
 Strange times that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
 So comfortable? It almost turns
 My dangerous nature mild. Let me behold
 Thy face. — Surely this man was born of woman. —
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one;

No more, I pray, — and he is a steward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: — the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly whilst thou art bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o'the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worship'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I do meet them. [Advancing.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I
have gold:

I am sure you have: Speak truth, you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain.

So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:— And, for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you: neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both.

Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

Tim.

You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim.

Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both.

Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet.

Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well: I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
pany:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.— If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. —
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak, and
be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o'the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon —
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the publick body, — which doth seldom
Play the recanter, — feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
 Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram:
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
 And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus,—
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That — Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then, let him know, — and tell him Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that — I care not,
 And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer; for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow; my long sickness
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his.
 And last so long enough!

1 Sen.

We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen.

That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim.

Commend me to them;

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen.

It requires swift foot,

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens.**Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one, mine ancient friend:—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:— this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust; in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.**Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.*

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!— No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax.

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and, breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And palsy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes), take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:
 For those that were, it is not square, to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports;
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, — not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be remedied to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead:
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
 And on his gravestone, this insculpture; which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of
 wretched soul bereft;*

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:

Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and slay not
here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

CORIO LANUS.

By

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

LEIPSIC:

BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

TITUS LARTIUS,] *Generals against the Volcians.*
COMINIUS,]

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS,] *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS,]

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volcians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volcian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, *attending Virgilia.*

Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Aediles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *partly in Rome; and partly in the Terri-
tories of the Volcians and Antiates.*

C O R I O L A N U S.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Cit. BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak.

[Several speaking at once.]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good; What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and

Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us! — True, indeed! — They ne'er
cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
houses crammed with grain: make edicts for usury,
to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act
established against the rich; and provide more pier-
cing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor.
If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all
the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think
to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but an't please
you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-
bers
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cuphoarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-
ments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What?

Men. The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabrick, if that they —

1 Cit.

What then? —

Men. 'Fore me this fellow speaks! — what then?
 what then?

Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
 Who is the sink o'the body, —

1 Cit.

Well, what then?

The former agents, if they did complain,
 What could the belly answer?

Men.

I will tell you:

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little),
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. You are long about it.

Men.

Note me this, good friend:

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
*True it is, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
 That I receive the general food at first,
 Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
 Because I am the store-house, and the shop
 Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o'the brain:
 And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends (this says the belly), mark
 me, —*

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men.

Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each;

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flower of all,

And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members: For examine
 Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
 Touching the weal of the common; you shall find,
 No public benefit which you receive,
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves. — What do you think?
 You the great toe of this assembly? —

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run

Lead'st first, to win some vantage. —

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale. — Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,

Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.*

We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter

Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead

And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;

And call him noble that was now your hate,

Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,

That in these several places of the city

You cry against the noble senate, who,

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else

Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates: whereof, they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;—

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent
not

Corn for the rich men only:— With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale), they threw their
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to
vent

Our musty superfluity:— See, our best elders,

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius:
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners: — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

*[Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and
MENEN. Citizens steal away.]*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts,

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, —
In whom already he is well grac'd, — cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear,
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.]
They have prest a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,

Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
 Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
 To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
 They needs must show themselves; which in the
 hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
 To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
 Let us alone to guard Corioli:
 If they set down before us, for the remove
 Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
 They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell!

2 Sen. Farewell!

All. Farewell! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in Marcius' House.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two
 low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-
 self in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my
 husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
 wherein he won honour, than in the embracements
 of his bed, where he would show most love. When

yet he was but tenderbodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again: caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: — The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would: — Fare you well then. — Come, good sweet lady. — Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: — A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar.

'Tis done.

Lart.

Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar.

I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess.

Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[Other Alarums.]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar.

O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave
Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-
enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of, — Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed,

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: — Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol.

Nor I.

3 Sol.

See, they

Have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.]

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart.

O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Mar-
cius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol.

Look, sir!

Lart.

'Tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: — Down with
them. —

And hark, what noise the general makes! — To him: —
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well!
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell!

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! — [*Exit MARCIUS.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
tering,

Coriolanus.

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue,
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry; as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,

He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file (A plague! — Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think —
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,

We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,

Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish

You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they

That most are willing; — If any such be here
(As it were sin to doubt), that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand*], to express his dispo-
sition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Voices? None of you but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all: *th*
rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
 For a short holding: If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us. —
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate
thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
 Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
 More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
 And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
 Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here. —

[They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tri-
bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts — *We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!* —
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. 'Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store), of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Mar-
cius! cast up their caps and lances: COMI-
NIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you pro-
fane.

Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing: When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, — which, without note,
Here's many else have done, — you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. —
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you: —
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best with whom we may articulate
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours. — What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
 He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
 Were he the butcher of my son, he should
 Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Martius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: —
 I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
 Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
 The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
 It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X. *The Camp of the Volces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLIUS AUFIDIUS, bloody,
 with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en.

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition? --

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. — Condition! —
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force
(True sword to sword), I'll patch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol.

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol.

Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you

('Tis south the city mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol.

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. A Publick Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. 'Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o'the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud!

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone: for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infantlike, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias fools), as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of

allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you Lycurguses), if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orangewife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good

e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, etc.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee: — Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: — A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: — Brings 'a victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, — they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go: — Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true: — Where is he wounded? God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who com: forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh, — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates; where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, —

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife, —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? — O my sweet lady, pardon.
[To VALERIA.]

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O welcome home;
And welcome, general; — And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh: I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[To his Wife and Mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On to the Capitol.

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state as before.
The Tribunes remain.]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights
Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, win-
 dows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pothor,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slily crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru.

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end; but will
 Lose those that he hath won.

Bru.

In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
 But they, upon their ancient malice, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
 Which that he'll give them, make as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru.

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility;
 Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic.

'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
 And the desire of the nobles.

Sic.

I wish no better,

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 In execution.

Bru.

'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
 A sure destruction.

Bru.

So it must fall out

To him, or our authorities. For an end,

We must suggest the people, in what hatred
 He still hath held them: that, to his power, he would
 Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
 Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
 In human action and capacity,
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
 Than camels in their war; who have their provand
 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
 For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
 At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall teach the people (which time shall not want,
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
 As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
 That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
 A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here: How
 many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
 one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow: but he's vengeance
 proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that
 have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and
 there be many that they have loved, they know not
 wherefore; so that if they love they know not why,

they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in the disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him: and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him the opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country. And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital,
 Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'the people,
 We do request your kindest ears: and, after,
 Your loving motion toward the common body,
 To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
 Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
 Inclunable to honour and advance
 The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people, than
 He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
 I would you rather had been silent: Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
 But yet my caution was more pertinent,
 Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people:
 But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak. — Nay, keep your place.

[*COR. rises, and offers to go away.*]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
 My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
 You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
 I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the
 sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
 To hear my nothings monster'd.

Men. Masters o'the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
 (That's thousand to one good one), when you now see,
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
 Than one of his ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius!

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held,
 Coriolanus,

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'erpress'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden reenforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honour
 Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'the world; he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards

His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices: neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you go fit you to the custom: and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and thus; —
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only: —

Men. Do not stand upon't. —
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give,

Brut. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:— You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done it?

Cor.

What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace:— Look, sir!— my wounds!

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men.

O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor.

Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men.

You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: 'Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner.

[Exit.]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor.

Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.— So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit.

Your own desert?

Cor.

Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 Cit.

How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

Tw'as never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, We hope to gain by you,

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor.

Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, Which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice sir;

What say you?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir: —

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit.

But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again, — But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. 'Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitley that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt*]

Cor. Most sweet voices! —

Better it is to die, better to starve,
 Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
 Why in this wolvisish gown should I stand here,
 To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to overpeer.— Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.— I am half through:
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices, —

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices;
 Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, Amen. —

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tri-
 bunes

Endue you with the people's voice; Remains,
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
 again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic.

Fare you well!

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit.

No: no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*]

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could show
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was, — *I thank you for your voices*, — *thank you*, —
Your most sweet voices: — *now you have left your voices*,
I have no further with you: — Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
 Would think upon you for your voices, and
 Translate his malice towards you into love,
 Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
 And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
 Which easily endures not article
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves; and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
 They have chose a consul, that will from them take
 Their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
 Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed:
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you,

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Preoccupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't
(Harp on that still), but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt,*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most: That he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them; For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic.

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor.

Are these your herd? —

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men.

Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility: —
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru.

Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them: and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru.

Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru.

How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru.

Not unlike,

Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic.

You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men.

Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd: — Set on. — This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I'the plain way of his merit.

Cor.

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.*1 Sen.*

Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.— My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men.

Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.*Cor.*

How, no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru.

You speak o'the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic.

'Twere well,

We let the people know't.

Men.

What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic.

It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor.

Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you

His absolute shall?

Com.

'Twas from the canon.

Cor.

Shall!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,

That with his peremptory shall, being but

The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his; If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
 power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 That would not thread the gates: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words: — *We did request it*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands: — Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with overmeasure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you, —
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick
That's sure of death without it, — at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Aediles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. et Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Aediles, and a Rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Aediles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[Several speak.

2 Sen.

Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men.

Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit.

True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit.

You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic.

This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Aediles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Aedi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his Sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw
awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

*[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Aediles, and
the People, are all beat in.]*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd), not Romans (as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol)—

Coriolanus.

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. — Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. 'Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Cor. Com. and Others*]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth;

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within]
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were abed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber! — What, th
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[Several speak together.

Men. Sir, —

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak: —

As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults: —

Sic. Consul! — What consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce), he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed, by process
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Aediles smote? ourselves resisted? — Come: —

Men. Consider this; — He has been bred i'the war
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language: meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form
(In peace), to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place: — We'll attend you
there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. 'Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
 Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[To VOLUMNIA.]
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
 False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
 With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
 The thwartings of your dispositions, if
 You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
 thing too rough;
 You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
 Unless, by not so doing, our good city
 Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,
 But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
 To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
 Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
 The violent fit o'the time craves it as physick
 For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
 Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men.

Return to the tribunes.

Cor.

Well

What then? what then?

Men.

Repent what you have spoke

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol.

You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th'other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor.

Tush, tush!

Men.

A good demand

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy), how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor.

Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
'Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
'The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol.

I pr'ythee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
 And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
 Thy knee bussing the stones (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears), waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power, and person

Men.

This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol.

Pr'ythee now,

Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
 You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com.

I think, 'twill serve, if he

Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol.

He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?

Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
 Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
 You have put me now to such a part, which never
 I shall discharge to the life.

Com.

Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
 Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
 Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboy's tears take up
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't:
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
 But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. 'Pray, be content;
 Mother, I am going to the market-place;
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 The way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
 To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly: — 'Pray you, let us go;
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,

Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an Aedile.

What, will he come?

Aed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Aed. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favoured him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Aed. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Aed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power, i'the truth o'the cause.

Aed. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Aed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. —

[Exit Aedile.]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. — The honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
 Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
 And not our streets with war!

1 Sen.

Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Aedile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Aed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri.

Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present
 Must all determine here?

Sic.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor.

I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
 The warlike service he has done, consider;
 Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
 Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

Cor.

Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

Men.

Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier: Do not take
 His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
 Rather than envy you.

Com.

Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
 That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
 I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
 You take it off again?

Sic.

Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
 From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
 Yourself into a power tyrannical:
 For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men.

Nay; temperately; Your promise,

Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor! — Thou injurious tribune;
 Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
 Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
 As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him; even this,
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
 Serv'd well for Rome, —

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you, —

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envied against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it; In the name o'the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city:
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
 I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com.

Let me speak

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that —

Sic.

We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit.

It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels),
Making but reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Aed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates: come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIO LANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: —
the beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly (though I go alone
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen), your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol.

My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius

With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well! —

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate. —
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:

Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Aedile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no
further. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[Exit Aedile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.
Here comes his mother,

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the
gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace: be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone?

[To BRUTUS.]
Vir. You shall stay too: [To *Sic.*] I would, I had
the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? — Note but this
fool. —

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what: — Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: — I would, my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would, he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far my son

(This lady's husband here, this, do you see),
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic.

Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Vol.

Take my prayers with you. —

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them

But once a day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to't.

Men.

You have told them home,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go;

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you,
but your favour is well appayed by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well
saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection
the people against the senators, patricians, and noble

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state think
not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and
hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles re-
ceive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Co-
riolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take a
power from the people, and to pluck from them the

tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, with his great opposer Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Coriolanus.

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you.

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir, farewell.
[*Exit Citizen*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together, who twin as 'twere in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity; So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me: —
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit]

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him
Cotus! [Exit]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the
door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter li

eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'the house; Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid; come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I'the city of kites and crows? — What an ass it is! — Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou
Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullius, [Unmuffling]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants retire]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me
yet?

Auf. I know thee not: Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name re-
mains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee: for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O, Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. — O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;

Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand; Most wel-
come!

[*Exeunt COR. and AUF.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so: looking as it were, — 'Would
I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the
rarest man i'the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that: for the defence of a town, our general is
excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1, 2 Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1, 2 Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, — Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Serv. Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Serv. Directitude! what's that?

3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason, because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. A publick Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i'the present peace And quietness o'the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd, But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Corio-
lanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Aedile.

Aed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, — the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.— It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:— his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
(How probable I do not know), that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome:
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more alone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:— Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or hutchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men.

'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, '*Beseech you, cease.* — You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com.

You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri.

Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com.

But, I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: — Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men.

Here come the clusters. —

And is Aufidius with him? — You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.*

For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us; That we did, we did for the best:
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men.

You have made

Good work, you and your cry! — Shall us to the Ca-
pitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we
banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:— 'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone

That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him), made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a hair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strength by strengths do fail.
Come let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. A publick Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:

But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so: you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? —
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand; What he would do
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome
The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay: Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men.

From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men.

Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous
to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Me-
nenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you
say, you have), I am one that, telling true under
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome as he does. Can
you, when you have pushed out your gates the very
defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance,
given your enemy your shield, think to front his re-
venges with the easy groans of old women, the vir-
ginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem
to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire

Coriolanus.

your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake.

[Gives a Letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. — This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general:
for such things as you, I can scarce think there's
any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die
by himself, fears it not from another. Let your
general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long;
and your misery increase with your age! I say to
you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. — My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him), once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded to: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.
My wife comes foremost: then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature. break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate —
What is that cur'sy worth; or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*. — Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*. — O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great seamark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Where to we are bound; together with thy victory,
 Where to we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away, till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour; No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them; while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses:
 Whose chronicle thus writ, — *The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 'Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 'To imitate the graces of the gods;
 'To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy:
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But if it be not so,
 'Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 'That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 'To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end:
 This is the last: — So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:
 'This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go:
 'This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance: — Yet give us our despatch;
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.]

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 'The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:

But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it.
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor.

Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA. VIRGILIA, etc.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counterseal'd.
Come enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. A publick Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol: yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced,
and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly;
yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius
is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's
more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his

mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news: — The ladies have prevail'd, The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again.

Men.

This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and Musick.*]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patri-
cians, and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome;
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, -- Welcome, ladies, welcome! --

All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Antium. A publick Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs, and in the common's ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.
Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dew's of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires: nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame.
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf. There was it: —
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts
of the People.]*

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,

And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge: making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a Crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords:
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor? — How now!

Auf. Ay, traitor Marcius.

Cor.

Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus in Corioli? —

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city), to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory:
'That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears, —

Ha!

Cor.

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must
bear

My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord.

Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
'That like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it. — Boy!

Auf.

Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't.

[Several speak at once.

Cit. [Speaking promiscuously] Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son; — my daughter; —
He killed my cousin Marcus; — He killed my father.

2 Lord. Peace, ho; — no outrage; — peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in

This orb o'the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus! —

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

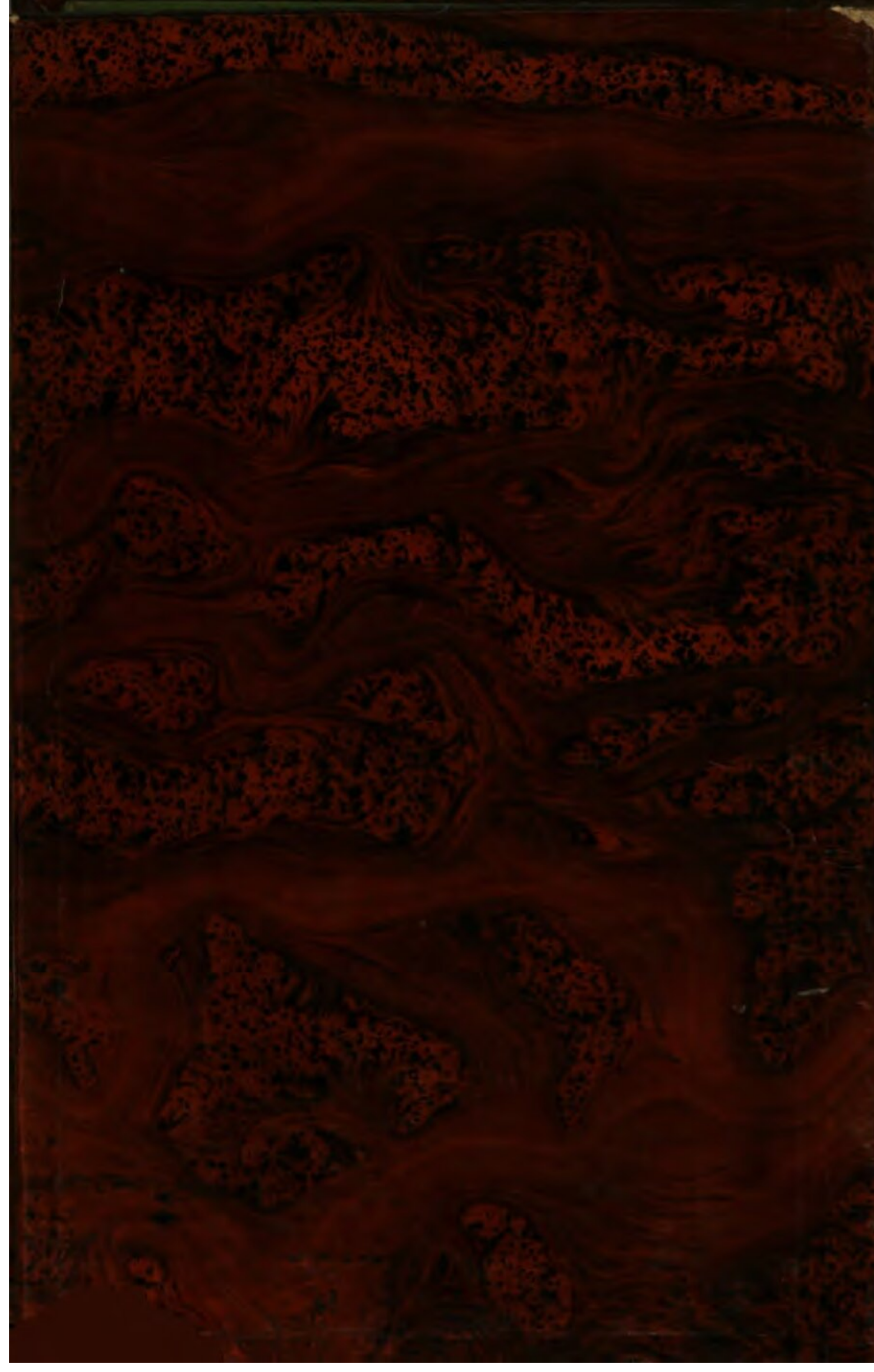
3 Lord. Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up:
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. —
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. —
Assist! [Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.
A dead March sounded.]



Shakespeare, William,

The dramatic works of Shakspeare With a life, and glossary ; Eight volumes

Bd.: 6

S.l. (1828)

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- LA 4640 -6
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11258534-1